



Wm. Simpson del. & sculp. 1744



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10.^d
The Delights of the Bottle:

K O R, T H E
Compleat Vintner.

With the HUMOURS of

Bubble Upstarts.
Stingy Wranglers.
Dinner Spungers.
Jill Tiplers.
Beef Beggars.
Cook Teasers.

Pan Soppers.
Plate Twirlers.
Table Whitlers.
Drawer Biters.
Spoon Pinchers.
And other Tavern
Tormenters.

A Merry P O E M.

To which is added,
A *South-Sea* SONG upon the late Bubbles.

By the Author of the CAVALCADE.

*The Fair, 'tis true, yield wonderful Delights,
But when we're old torment us with their Slights.
The Bottle therefore is a faster Friend,
Because that kindly soothes us to our End.*

L O N D O N.

Printed for SAM. BRISCOE at the *Bell-Savage*
on *Ludgate-Hill.* M DCC XX. *Sept.*

The Delights of the Bottle

OR THE

Complete Vinegar

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The Delights of the Bottle :

O R,

The Compleat Vintner, &c.



Bacchus, with thy Noble Juice,
Inspire my long neglected Muse,
And raise her, by thy gen'rous
(Pow'r,

As high as human Wit can tow'r ;

That she may loudly sing the Fame

Of all that celebrate thy Name,

And make their Mèrits far outshine

Their Ruby Cheeks when o'er their Wine ;

That the ungrateful World may know,

How much we grov'ling Mortals owe

To thy adopted Sons and Thee,
 Those Parents of Felicity,
 From whose full Cellars we derive
 That Warmth which keeps the World alive;
 For should not *Bacchus* bless the Earth,
 All would be Labour, without Mirth,
 And nothing giv'n us, but a Wife,
 To recompence the Toils of Life,
 With Children and domestick Strife.

When tir'd with intricate Affairs,
 Or punish'd with invidious Cares;
 When Disappointment gives us trouble,
 In *South-Sea*, or some other Bubble;
 When Duns, by their impatient canting,
 Perplex us, 'cause the Money's wanting;
 When teas'd at Home by Nuptial Dowdy,
 Too Fond, too Noisy, or too Moody;
 Whither can Man repair to find
 Relief, when thus disturb'd in Mind,

But

But to those Mansions where the best
Of Cordial Wines delight the Taſt,
And comfort the uneasy Breſt.

Thither Phyſicians fly to ſave
Themſelves from the devouring Grave,
And, to preſerve their Health, imbibe
Much ſafer Draughts than they preſcribe.
What Doctors or Diſpenſers care
To take the Phyſick they prepare;
Or when themſelves are out of order,
Will run the hazard of Self-murder?
When ailing, they're too wiſe to ſport
With Nature, by the Rules of Art;
They've no recourſe to damn'd Emeticks,
Catharticks, Opiates, Diarroheticks,
They'll turn not up their Bums to Clyſters,
Nor ſlea their Backs with *Spaniſh* Blitters,
Or will themſelves depend upon
This Courſe, or that Catholicon:

But their declining Health repair,
 With cordial Wines and wholesome Air.

*So cunning Guides that lead their Hearers,
 For Int'rest, into dang'rous Errors,
 Renounce the Cheat, in their decay,
 And seek the Lord a safer way.*

Not but Physicians are of use
 To those that do their Health abuse ;
 Pills, Powders, Balfams, and the like,
 May comfort Patients when they're sick,
 And costly Juleps may be good
 To cleanse the Purse, if not the Blood :
 But when the Doctor finds the least
 Indisposition touch his Breast,
 He wisely passes by the Shop
 Where all his Slops are hustl'd up,
 And, thoughtless of his Drops or Pills,
 To the next Tavern sily steals,

Submitting, there, the healing Pow'r
 Of Art, to some more skilful Draw'r,
 Consulting him, without a Fee,
 What his next Cordial-draught shall be.
 And thus, at once, removes the Qualm
 With potent Mountain, or with Palm.

*So Dame Imperious, when her Dear
 Is sick with drinking rot-gut Beer,
 She stuffs the poor dejected Fool
 With Sheepshead-Broth, or Water-Gruel;
 But when she finds herself oppress'd
 With Tooth-ach, Wind, or throbbing Breast,
 Good Ale and Brandy must be had,
 Or else she dies stark staring mad.*

Our Teachers too, who would dethrone
 The God of Wine and pull him down,
 And, by their Doctrine, make us think,
 'Tis almost Popery to drink;

In Pulpit at the Bottle rail,
 And damn the Drunkard, Tooth and Nail,
 As if they fear'd the crowd of Laymen,
 Who work like Slaves to drink like Draymen,
 Should swallow all the best, and leave
 No Priest-Wine for the Pudding-sleeve ;
 Therefore, since Laicks take the freedom
 To drink like Fish, if not exceed 'em,
 I see no reason but each Guide
 Should liquor their Canonick Pride,
 And drink as well as those they ride.

Besides, who loves the Bottle better,
 Than he that rails against the Creature ?
 As Maidens seemingly despise
 The only darling of their Eyes.
 For Wine, tho' very bad for some
 That gorge it *super naculum*
 Till Reason, which we Mortals boast,
 Is in their drunken Hickups lost :

Yet always, for the Cloth, take notice,

'Tis good, *in verbum Sacerdotis,*

Because, as well becomes their Station,

They kiss the Cup with moderation ;

Except, by chance, when Holy Men

With Holy Brethren meet, and then

Each other's Failings they connive at,

And sip, as Ladies do, in private :

But Vertue, that submits to one

Small Sin, may into greater run.

As Wisemen, when they break their Rules,

Become the most unguarded Fools.

The Lawyers too, whose crabbed Studies,

In time, raise Students to be Judges,

By help of Wines, our Vintners draw,

Slide thro' the Mazes of the Law,

And conquer knotty Tasks with ease

Such as would pose a *Hercules* ;

B

For,

Yet

For, of all Labours, none transcend
 The Works that on the Brain depend :
 Nor could we finish Great Designs,
 Without the Pow'r of Gen'rous Wines :
 For, as substantial hearty Food
 Is for the grosser Body good,
 So all the brighter Parts of Nature,
 Refin'd from more Etherial Matter,
 Require the most celestial Juices,
 To rend'r 'em fit for nobler Uses.

Well may the Poet's Fancy halt,
 That's doom'd to Rhime o'er muddy Malt;
 A Theme so naked and *jejune*,
 It puts all Fancy out of Tune,
 And makes *Apollo's* thoughtful Son
 As dull as what he writes upon.
 Change but his Liquor into Wine,
 And Wit must flash in e'ery Line;

(II)

For all we write, do, say, or think,
Are but the Sportings of our Drink,
When a low Purse (the Lord defend us)
Does to the Alehouse humbly send us,
We fuddle, just like Grooms and Coachmen,
Belch, wrangle, fart, and talk like *Dutchmen*,
And not one merry Word, that's bright,
Shall pass the Board from Noon to Night,
But when we to the Tavern steer,
With Pocket full and Temper clear,
My Landlord's Bacchanalian Face,
The charming Bottle and the Glass,
Malt; The tinkling of the Bell at Bar,
The grateful News of, *Coming Sir*,
Madam's sweet Voice, which, like a Law,
Keeps all the list'ning Draw'rs in awe,
Yield such a harmony of Sounds,
As the kind Bottle goes its rounds,
That Wit and Wine fill e'ery Brain,
And make us rather Gods than Men.

Thus, *Bacchus*, 'tis alone to thee,
 We Mortals owe our Jollity,
 Without thy Aid, *Apollo* soon
 Must abdicate his Sapient Throne,
 And, wanting Nectar to support him,
 Untune his Lyre that makes us court him.
 For neither Heathen Gods above,
 Nor Mortals that beneath 'em move,
 Can, without *Bacchus*, Live or Love.

What Orator at Bar can plead,
 Till he has rins'd his thoughtful Head,
 Or, with a chearful Morning's Draught,
 Refresh'd the Glandules of his Throat,
 And wash'd from his awaking Mind,
 The Dregs that Sleep had left behind.
 The Tongue is like a Water-Mill,
 Which, wanting Liquor, must stand still,
 But when with Wine 'tis well supply'd,
 As the Bridge Engine with the Tide,

It grinds and polishes our Wit,
 And makes our stubborn Language fit
 To sooth and qualify the Fury
 Of angry Judge or partial Jury.
 What Man can, by the force of Nature,
 Be truly bright without the Creature?
 Or rouse the Wit which Heav'n has giv'n him,
 Unless a Bottle to enliven him?
 No Lover sure can die for Beauty,
 Or pine for Joys above the Shoe-tye;
 No Hero hack or hew his Way
 Thro' bloody Storms, for little Pay,
 Nor any mortal Soul incline
 To Love, or Brav'ry, but by Wine;
 Without it, we should ne'er have heard
 Of this wise Lord, that wond'rous Bard,
 Or known the Names of *Politician*,
Priest, *Poet*, *Lawyer*, or *Physician*;
 For, when we read of mighty Things
 Perform'd by Heroes or by Kings,

They

Believe they quaff'd off briming Goblets;
 Before they lac'd their Iron Doublets,
 And, *Dutchman* like, would never fight
 A stroke, until their Hearts were light;
 So that, in short, those valiant Deeds
 That fill our Hist'ries and our Heads,
 Were, to the honour of the Vine,
 Not done by Warriors, but by Wine.

Great *Alexander*, to inflame
 His Soul, that thirsted after Fame,
 As some Historians do report,
 Tip'd off five Gallons and a Quart,
 And then, into a Rapture hurl'd,
 He arm'd, and conquer'd all the World;
 Hence modern Songs most justly say,
 That *Wine does Wonders ev'ry Day*.

The sober Sot is all Mens loathing,
 A worthless Muckworm, good for nothing,

A Spy upon his Neighbour's Vices,
 A Wretch that ev'ry one despises,
 A saving Rogue, whose pinch-gut Pence
 Will damn him, for that dire Offence,
 To Torments endless and severe,
 Deserv'd by starving Misers here.
 These are the Sneakers that decline,
 For Wealth, the charming Pow'r of Wine,
 And seek to please no other Itch,
 But that of growing basely Rich.
 These are the sordid Slaves that muse
 O'er Coffee, Tea, and lying News,
 Abjurors of the noble Tun
 That *Bacchus* sits enthron'd upon,
 Who never at one meeting spend
 Above Three-half-pence with a Friend;
 None durst exclaim against the use
 Of Wine, or blame the heav'nly Juice,
 But sober Miscreants, such as these are,
 Fit to hatch Plots or stab a *Cæsar*;

For Wine's of such a loyal nature,
 That 'twill unlock the close-mouth'd Traytor,
 And make him, in his Cups, betray
 The impious Game he means to play;
 'Tis, therefore, Men of ill design
 Avoid good Fellows and good Wine,
 As Jolly Mortals should those Asses,
 That hug their Gold and slight their Glasses.

What Am'rous Youth, to Love inclin'd,
 Can press dear *Phillis* to be kind,
 In Words that will at once inspire
 The blushing Nymph with like desire,
 Till noble Wine has wash'd away
 Those Fears that do their Joys delay,
 And banish'd from their trembling Youth,
 The native bashfulness of both;
 Then, mutually inclin'd to bless
 Each other with a soft Embrace,

Their

Their struggling Souls with vigour meet,
 And kindly taste the *short and sweet*.
 Thus Love can only with his Darts
 Perplex and terrify our Hearts,
 But Gen'rous *Bacchus* pity takes,
 And heals the Wounds that *Cupid* makes.

What Priest can join two Lovers Hands,
 But Wine must seal the Marriage Bonds;
 From Church to Tavern they repair,
 To crown their solemn Nuptials there:
 As if celestial Wine was thought
 Essential to the sacred Knot,
 And that each Bridegroom and his Bride
 Believ'd they were not firmly ty'd
 Till *Bacchus*, with his bleeding Tun,
 Had finish'd what the Priest begun;
 No Love, no Contract, no Handfasting,
 No Bonds of Friendship can be lasting;

No Bargain made, or Quarrel ended,
 No Int'rest mov'd, or Cause defended;
 No Mirth advanc'd, no Musick sweet,
 No humane Happiness compleat,
 Or joyful Day, unless its crown'd
 With Claret, and the Glas goes round.

Since all the frothy Joys of Life,
 Musick, a Mistress, or a Wife,
 Except we do the same imbellish
 With noble Wine, quite lose their Relish.
 Who can be happy, tho' in Health,
 With Beauty, Grandure, Wit, or Wealth?
 Unless kind *Bacchus* crowns the Blessing,
 And makes it worthy our possessing.

What's Woman, when the Heat is over?
 But Rue and Wormwood to her Lover,
 All sweet at first, like purging Potion,
 Prescrib'd to put our Guts in Motion,

But when its down, oft leaves, we find,
A curf'd bitter Tang behind.

What's Musick but a fulsome found,
That cloy's, except the Glas goes round?
And makes us duller than a Whore
At Church, by that time Pſalms are o'er.

What's dirty Land, or hoarded Coin,
To him that fears to purchaſe Wine?
He's curs'd with all his uſeleſs Chink,
And damn'd alive, that durſt not drink,
Or trefpaſs on his ill-got Treafure,
For one ſhort Day's expenſive Pleafure.

What, tho' the Blockhead prides himſelf
Amidſt his heaps of yellow Pelf,
He's but a Jaylor at the beſt,
His Priſ'n an Iron Trunk or Cheſt,
Where his dear Mammon lies committed,
Till its poor Turnkey dies unpity'd,
And then his famiſh'd Sons let fly
The Gold that charm'd the Father's Eye,

And in full Tables and rich Clothing,
 Reduce the hoarded Sums to nothing,
 For Money, which old Misers rake
 Together, o'er the Devil's Back,
 The Wise, from Observation, tell ye,
 Is always spent beneath his Belly ;
 Yet better 'tis t'enjoy the Creature,
 Than hoard to th' prejudice of Nature ;
 For, of the two, the Spendthrift's wiser
 Than the poor starving pinch-gut Miser,
 Because, one freely spends with pleasure,
 What t'other scrapes with Pain together,
 And only has the Plague and Care
 Of keeping what he fears to spare.

Thus mighty Wealth to Misers giv'n
 Is nothing but the Mock of Heaven,
 That tempts the humble Fool to wave
 His Bonnet to the Golden Knave,

And

And makes the Muckworm falsely think,
 He's Great and Happy in his Chink,
 When none are blest'd but those that drink.

Give me the gen'rous Soul that dares
 To drown in Wine all worldly Cares,
 The Jolly Heart who freely spends
 His Surplus with his Bottle Friends,
 And envies not those *South-Sea* Noddies
 That loll in Coaches with their Dowdies,
 Nor all the glitt'ring Pomp that waits
 On Powers, Titles, and Estates,
 But one that does for Pleasure choose
 Some Tavern where Good-Fellows use,
 And ne'er seems backward, when he's there,
 Of spending what he well can spare,
 But hugs the Flask, and frankly bends
 To all the Motions of his Friends,
 Those Bosom Ministers of Ease,
 So hard to find and hard to please.

Let

Let stingy Mortals rail at Wine,
 And angry Wives reproach the Vine,
 Let all the sober Saints decry
 The Bottle and its Charms defy,
 Let Misers damn the Cordial Creature,
 Because they love their Money better,
 And ne'er get fill'd, or elevated,
 But when at publick Feasts they're treated.
 I'll laugh at the penurious Knave,
 And honour *Bacchus* to my Grave;
 No more enslave my self by Thinking,
 But make my self a King by drinking.
 Yet first, my Muse shall let you see
 What Vintners are, or ought to be,
 Those Demy Gods, from whose rich Cellars
 Arise, *Popes*, *Addisons*, and *Knellers*,
 And ev'ry Worthy that can claim
 A place in the Records of Fame;
 For all that's excellent or fine,
 Derive their Origin from Wine,

And

And should each Vintner shut his Door,
 Love, Wit, and Arts would be no more,
 But all the Land become at once,
 A dirty Hive of stupid Drones.

*So Bees, when they have lost their Stings,
 Grow dull and hang their drooping Wings.*



C A N T O II.

The Compleat Vintner.

IN Ages past liv'd many Scores
 Of Sages, call'd Philosophers,
 Who wisely judg'd of this and that,
 And taught their Foll'wers what was what ;
 Some fam'd for Patience in Affliction,
 Some, for close Study and Restriction,
 Some, for contempt of Pain and Pleasure,
 Some, for despising worldly Treasure,
 Some,

Some, for Abstaining, some for Quaffing,
 Some, for much Weeping, some for Laughing,
 Some, for their snarling at their Betters,
 Others, for being Woman-haters,
 Some, for the useful Books they've writ,
 And others, for sarcastick Wit,
 All aiming, in those Halcyon Days,
 To please themselves, tho' diff'rent ways,
 And to encrease their foll'wing Crowds,
 That almost worship'd 'em as Gods.
 But he that's an adopted Son
 Of *Bacchus*, and attends the Tun,
 Must be as wise, or wiser rather,
 Than all these Sages put together;
 They only pleas'd their own ill-nature,
 But He has all the World to flatter,
 The Proud, the Surly, and the Peevish,
 The Rich, the Scoundrel, and the Knavish,
 The Learn'd, the Wise, the Grave and Dull
 The Wit, the Spendthrift Prodigal,

The pamper'd Fool, the spunging Sharper,
 The odious Wrangler and the Carper,
 The Rake, the Gamester and the Bully,
 The Prig, the common Jilt, the Cully,
 The saving Hunx, and ev'ry base
 Ill Temper found in humane Race.
Jove, therefore, at the Intercession
 Of *Bacchus*, gave to the Profession
 Of Vintners, the mutative Pow'r
 That *Proteus* had in Times of Yore,
 By which they change their humane Shapes,
 For Int'rest sake, from Men to Apes,
 Or whatsoe'er will best agree
 With this or that Fool's Company,
 Nor is't their Fault to thus submit
 Themselves, to others want of Wit,
 The failing is in those proud Asses,
 That Lord it too much o'er their Glasses,
 And want the Vintner to behave
 Himself more cringing than a Slave,

Teaze him the more, that they may see
His Patience and Humility.

*So City-Upstart, proudly Rich,
With Negro Lacquay at his Breech,
Oft turns about, for this or that,
To make the Puppy d'off his Hat,
And show, by humble Scrapes and Bends,
Who 'tis the Collar'd Slave attends.*

When Jolly Mortals meet to fuddle,
And fillip Nature on the Noddle,
Men of good Manners and good Sense,
That neither give, nor take Offence,
But kindly use the same Respect
To others, as themselves exact,
The Vint'ner then throws off the poor
Disguise, that humour'd Fools before,
And, reassuming his own Nature,
Like *Linco*, is another Creature.

Then

Then Manliness, deserving Praise,
 Appears in all he does or says,
 The best of Wines he sends or brings,
 And treats his noble Friends like Kings,
 Enters the Room with comely Grace,
 And puts on such a Cherub's Face,
 So plump, so smiling, and as pleasant,
 As that the God of Wine was present,
 And if, when ask'd, domestick Care
 Will suff'r'im to assume a Chair,
 Such Guests will in his Carriage see
 The utmost Affability.

*Just so, the Wit, to make his Game
 With noisy Fools, will seem the same;
 But when he meets with Men of Parts,
 Himself he gen'rously exerts,*

When Youngsters, govern'd by no Rules,
 Just rescu'd from their Country Schools,

D 2

By

Wife

By doating Mothers fed with Coin,
 Which they too early spend in Wine,
 Or lose in Gaming, which is worse,
 And more destructive to the Purse;
 I say, when these young callow Blades,
 Hugg'd by their Mothers and their Maids,
 At Tavern meet, to sing and roar,
 The Song of black-ey'd Susan o'er
 Or join their Tongues to please their Ears
 With *Lev'ridge's* Philosophers,
 Who ow'd their Wisdom to the Bottle,
 From *Thalis*, down to *Aristotle*;
 For these unbridl'd pamper'd Heirs,
 As wild as Colts and rude as Bears,
 The Vint'ner has a Face and Mien
 Peculiar, which are seldom seen,
 But when such Boys their Money spend,
 As love to make their Elders bend.

*So have I known the hoary Head,
 In Science learn'd, profoundly read,
 Bow low to empty Fools for Bread.*

Next

Next these, a sort of Sots there are,
 Who crave more Wine than they can bear,
 Yet hate, when drunk, to pay or spend
 Their equal Club, or Dividend,
 But wrangle, when the Bill is brought,
 And think they're cheated, when they're not,
 Insult the Master, damn the Bar,
 Abuse the Wine, belye the Draw'r,
 And make more Mischief at one Meeting,
 Than twenty Bullies at a sitting ;
 The Vint'ner, when he's thus perplex'd,
 Must form a Temper, tho' he's vex'd,
 And, by the Pow'r of Transformation,
 Divest himself of Gall and Passion,
 Then, by some *Hocus Pocus* flight,
 Convince 'em that the Reck'ning's right,
 Amuse 'em with an odd Deportment,
 Shew 'em Apes Tricks of diff'rent sortment,
 Turn all his Words to healing Plasters,
 And so, *Your humble Servant Masters.*

Wise *Apollonius*, in his Travels,
 Determin'd many Feuds and Cavils,
 Oft reconcil'd contending Nations,
 By Postures and Gesticulations,
 And, as *Philastratus* reports,
 Appear'd at many Princes Courts,
 There heal'd Divisions and Distractions,
 Not by the Pow'r of Words, but Actions;
 Sometimes he'd Frown, and sometimes Smile,
 Skip, Leap, but never Speak the while;
 And, by these Methods that he took,
 Did Wonders, worthy of *Blunt's* Book;
 Therefore, since Learned *Apollonius*,
 As 'tis in *Greek* most plainly shown us,
 Could Kings instruct, by Madmens Freaks,
 And Quarrels end, by Monkey Tricks,
 I think the Vint'ner, in such Cafes,
 Where Men behave themselves like Asses,
 The *Apollonian* Game may play,
 And manage Fools the self-same way.

The next that do the Vint'ner tease,
 Are Fops, too difficult to please,
 Young flutt'ring Rakes, who Scarlet wear
 Before they do Commissions bear,
 Well knowing 'tis the only Dye
 That tempts the wanton Lady's Eye,
 From whence 't'as been observ'd, that Women
 Are caught like *Maycril* by our Seamen,
 Bait but your Hook with Scarlet Cloth,
 And you may eas'ly take 'em both.
 When these, who think all Wisdom lies
 In b'ing impertinently nice,
 Are show'd into some spacious Room,
 Where Fencing-Rakes are wont to come,
 And when the Beaus, in great Decorum,
 Are seated, with their Snuffs before 'em,
 The Drawer's order'd, by some Fop,
 To send his absent Master up,
 Who nimbly trips, from Stair to Stair,
 Puts on his best Mercurial Ayre,

Then

Then bending double at the Door,
 Till squee's'd to half his hight, or low'r,
 He bolts upon 'em, *Sirs, d'ye call,*
 Then, starting up, grows twice as tall.

*So Geese, as into Barns they go,
 Do always stoop their Heads full low,
 But when they're in, they raise 'em high,
 Extend their upright Necks and ply
 The Mow, that charms each Goose's Eye.*

A Flask of *French* is now demanded,
 The Vint'ner runs, the Wine is handed,
 And tasted round, but is not lik'd,
 One swears its Poor, another Prick'd,
 The Vint'ner knows 'tis very good,
 Yet dares not say so, for his Blood,
 But forms a grave, judicious Face,
 Then sips, and spurts away a Glas,
 By silence seems to own the Fault,
 And flies like Light'ning to his Vault,

To fetch a fuller Wine, the same,
 But usher'd in another Name,
 Yet that's not good, until he takes
 Another turn to please the Rakes,
 And then some spunging, fencing Bully;
 That makes each silly Fop his Cully,
 Approves the Claret, damns his Blood,
 And swears 'tis right, by all that's Good,
 The rest submit to Captain *Bluff*,
 Their *Back* commends it, that's enough.

*Thus batter'd Fencers, when they flush
 Young Rakes, and teach 'em how to push,
 Impose what e'er they please upon 'em,
 And fleece 'em, till they've half undone 'em;
 Except they shake 'em off for ease,
 As Dogs in Summer do their Fleas.*

Now all the forward Sparks begin
 To like their Usage and their Wine,

E

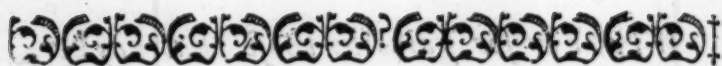
And

And praise the very same much more
 Than they had cry'd it down before,
 The merry Glas goes briskly round,
 No Drawer kick'd, no Fault is found,
 But e'ery thing, at present, seems
 As peaceful as unruff'd Streams,
 Till Drinking, Thwarting, Singing, Roaring,
 Much talk of Fencing, Dancing, Whoring,
 Intoxicate their shallow Senses,
 And then some warm Dispute commences,
 Which, as it's rais'd by blust'ring Words
 And Oaths, must end in drawing Swords;
 But *Bully Back*, who truly knows
 The Brav'ry of his Cully Beaus,
 Tells them the danger of a Riot,
 And with his Looks soon makes 'em quiet ;
 Then, like a skilful Judge and Jury,
 Fines the worst Coward for his Fury,
 Who gladly pays the cunning Knave
 His Flask, to be accounted Brave.

*So Phillis, when she's young and fair,
 What e'er she gains by those that pay her,
 She does on some old Midwife spend,
 To make the subtle Bawd her Friend.*

Thus is the Vint'ner plagu'd all Night,
 Till Morning dims the Candle-light,
 Unwilling to enjoy his Bed,
 For fear some Mischief should succeed,
 That might intail an evil Fame
 Upon his Conduct and his Name ;
 For none, tho' in a loftier Station,
 Have more regard to Reputation,
 Or manage what they're forc'd to bear,
 With greater Art or greater Care.





C A N T O III.

The Description of a Tavern.

Without, there hangs a noble Sign,
 Where golden Grapes in Image shine,
 A lovely seeming Fruit, that no
Hesperian Garden e'er could show ;
 To crown the Bush, a little Punch-
 Gut *Bacchus* dangling of a Bunch,
 Sits loftily enthron'd upon
 What's call'd (in Miniture) a Tun,
 Tho' only render'd to our Eyes,
 A Runlet of a Gallon fize,
 But we're to think, as when we go,
 At Fairs, to see a Puppit-Show,
 That all the Figures we behold,
 Are Men and Women, young or old,

And

And tho' each seems a little Creature,
By fancy, we must make 'em greater.

Th' external Ornaments that grace
A Tavern, that delightful place,
Are Hieroglyphicks, meant (in fine)
To show, my Landlord sells good Wine,
Where ev'ry one that's low in Spirits,
May be reliev'd by *Whites* or *Clarets*,
Or other Wines that may supply
Their Wants that happen to be dry.

Thus Signs, when first they came in fashion,
Denoted each Man's Occupation,
That Passengers thereby might know,
On all Occasions where to go.
When *Paracelsus* Head you meet,
Or *Galen's*, hanging in the Street,
Walk in, if sick, and you'll be sure
Of Med'cines that may work a Cure.

Look up, and when you once have spy'd
 A bloody Man without his Hide,
 With here and there a square-cap'd Noddy,
 All peering at the scare-crow Body,
 If Pins and Needles chance to tease you,
 There lives an Artist that can ease you.

If, in *Moorfields*, a Lady strols,
 Among the *Globes* and *Golden-Balls*,
 Where e'er they hang, she may be certain
 Of knowing what shall be her Fortune ;
 Her Husband's too, I dare to say,
 But that she better knows than they.

The pregnant Madam, drawn aside
 By promise to be made a Bride,
 If near her Time, and in distress
 For some obscure convenient place,
 Let her but take the pains to waddle
 About, till she observes a Cradle,
 With the foot hanging tow'ards the Door,
 And there she may be made secure

From all the Parish Plagues and Terrors,
 That wait on poor weak Woman's Errors:
 But if the Head hangs tow'rd's the House,
 As very oft we find it does,
 Avant, for she's a cautious Bawd,
 Whose bus'ness only lies abroad.

Reader be patient, and excuse
 This long digression of my Muse,
 And now again I'll gladly meet you
 At Tavern, where I mean to treat you,
 With jingling Fare, tho' 'tis confess'd,
 Verse is but starving Food at best,
 Thin airy Diet, fit for none
 But critick Wits to chew upon.

No sooner does the glitt'ring Sign
 Remind us of salubrious Wine,
 But in we bolt, to eat a Cutlet,
 Or something nice, before we Bottle't:

And

And then as Friends are wont to do;
 Enjoy a happy Hour or two,
 For *Clemens, Yates*, and many more;
 By drinking kill'd at past Fourscore,
 Bequeath'd this Maxim to the Nation,
Drink on, but lay a good Foundation.

When enter'd, we behold a fair
 And well-bred Madam in the Bar,
 Not clad to charm the wanton Guest,
 But like a Huffle neatly dress'd,
 Whose modest Looks and Mien agree,
 Not too reserv'd, nor yet too free,
 But civil to the last degree.

Around her, as she sits in State,
 The nimble Drawers list'ning wait,
 That her Commands may be obey'd,
 And e'ery Guest be easy made,
 Whilst the Mercurial Master plays
 His part, and e'ery Room surveys;

That

That they who've taken up their sitting,
May be supply'd with all that's fitting.

When Nature prompts to eat, behold
The *Safe*, where many Meats lie cold,
Dish'd out, just ready to delight
The hasty peevish Appetite,
Too furious and too keen to rest,
Till some nice Dainty might be dress'd,
Fish, Flesh, and Fowl, in order lying,
For speedy Roasting, Boiling, Frying,
Or any other way that best
May entertain each hungry Guest.
The Kitchen neat, the Pewter bright,
The cleanly Cook dress'd up in white,
Arm'd with a Knife, that might be made
A Backsword, for its length of Blade ;
With Saucepans, Stewpans, Pots and Kettles,
All shining in their several Mettles,

To please each hungry Mortal's sight,
And raise the sickly Appetite.

Here useful Fire imprison'd lies,
And thro' strong Bars delights our Eyes,
Comforts our Noses in cold Weather,
And keeps good Company together.

Here wealthy Nigards may be taught
To live as rich Curmudgeons ought,
And how to change their old Frugality,
Into true gen'rous Hospitality.

Here Country Squires, by often Treating
May learn to understand good Eating,
And how they may at home advance
New Kickshaws *a la mode de France*.

In short, here's ev'ry thing to please
All Pallats, Humours, and Degrees,
Pickles and Spices from abroad,
To season our domestick Food,
And Foreign Wines of ev'ry sort,
From costly *French*, to common Port,

Clean Rooms, where nothing can offend us,
 Brisk nimble Drawers to attend us,
 A Jolly Master to redress
 What e'er disturbs our Happiness,
 And ev'ry thing that Man can ask,
 To make him Godlike o'er the Flask.

Thus he that's wealthy, if he's wife,
 Commands an earthly Paradise;
 That happy Station, no where found,
 But where the Glass goes freely round.
 Then give us Wine to drown the Cares
 Of Life, in our declining Years,
 That we may gain, if Heav'n thinks fitting,
 By drinking, what was lost by eating;
 For tho' Mankind, for that Offence,
 Were doom'd to Labour ever since,
 Yet Mercy has the Grape impowr'd
 To sweeten what the Apple sower'd.



CANTO IV.

The Tavern Tormentors.

HOW blest might ev'ry Station be,
 Would Men love Peace and Amitie!
 How glib and easy would the Cares
 And Toils of our uncertain Years
 Go down, if no ill-natur'd Brothers
 Would pleasure take in plaguing others!
 But since the Fate of things are such,
 That some have little, some too much,
 And that Dame *Fortune's* Purseproud Darlings
 Will have their Humours and their Snarlings,
 The Vint'ner must himself surrender
 To ev'ry crossgrain'd Money-spender,
 And if he'd be accounted Civil,
 Cry, *Sir, you're welcome*, to the Devil;
 Submit to ev'ry Fool's Opinion,
 And Flatter like a Prince's Minion.

But

But of all Hum'rists that delight
 To shew their Folly or their Spight,
 The following List are those that most
 Perplex each Bacchanalian Host,
 Tho' other Trades, as well as they,
 Have Teasers in a diff'rent way.

Among this merry motly Race,
 The Bubble Upstarts claim a place,
 Grown Rich by fictitious Stocks and Funds,
 As Asses thrive on barren Grounds,
 Each ravish'd with his wealthy Store,
 Like *Danae* with her Golden Show'r,
 Which from the distant Clouds descended;
 Just so our Bubblers are befriended,
 Who growing proud and richer far,
 In fancy, than they really are,
 Assume too much wheree'er they come,
 Except where known, and that's at home;
 Huff, strut and wrangle where they Dine,
 Reproach the Cook, dispraise the Wine,
 Dispute the Bill without a cause,
 And chatter worse than Pyes or Daws,

Shewing

Shewing they are not what they wou'd be,
 Nor can, or will be what they shou'd be.
 But curb, O Muse, thy forward Nature,
 All Jobbers merit not thy Satyr,
 Forget not honest Gouty *John*,
 Who with his Wealth more good has done,
 To Objects worthy of Compassion,
 Than half the *Soutbeans* in the Nation.
 For which may Providence relieve him,
 From all the pungent Pains that grieve him,
 Prolong his Days, encrease his Riches,
 And keep him from *Podagric* twitches.

The *Stingy Wrangler* is the next,
 With whom the Vint'ner is perplex'd,
 Who neither goes, nor cares to stay,
 Delights to drink, but hates to pay,
 Is always running whilst he's sitting,
 Yet tarries with the least intreating,
 In hopes, if you presume to ask him,
 You'll, cost-free, Bottle him, or Flask him;

But

But when the Reck'ning's call'd, and brought,
 And he's requir'd to pay his shot,
 He grumbles, fumbles, frets and vexes,
 Like Miser paying Parish-Taxes;
 And thus for half an Hour contends
 With Master, Drawer, and his Friends,
 About Tobacco, Bread and Cheese,
 Or some poor Trifles, such as these;
 Then in a Fury flinging down
 His Eighteen Pence for Half a Crown,
 He sneaks away, confus'd in Mind,
 Despis'd by those he leaves behind,

The *Dinner-Spungers* next succeed,
 Who buy their Wine, but beg their Bread,
 Old Batchelors, untam'd by Woman,
 That keep no House, but live in common,
 Feed at some Tavern ev'ry Day,
 But nothing for their eating pay,
 Yet guttle more, where e'er they Dine,
 In Victuals, than they spend in Wine,

And

And swallow, if they like the Joint,
 A Pound, before they drink a Pint;
 Not but a Cow-Heel, fry'd with Onions,
 Is exc'lent Fare, in their Opinions,
 For Spungers seldom have a loathing
 To any Food that costs them nothing,
 But, Miser-like, commend that Feast
 The most, at which they spend the least.

To these we add a Race of Sots,
 Who deal in Jills, or Quartern Pots,
 And think it an unchristian Crime
 To've more before 'em at one time.
 Old moody Knaves, that ne'er will spend
 One handsome Sixpence with a Friend,
 But loll beneath the Kitchen-Shelves,
 And drink, like Hangmen, by themselves,
 Till by repeated Jills they grow
 Half Fuddl'd, then they Pay and go,
 Not Home, but to some other Houses,
 Where they compleat their several Doses,

And

And never stop their course, besure,
 Till flily Drunk in minuture.
 Thus Hypocrites delight to tipple,
 But fain would hide it from the People,
 And taking Pattern by the Godly,
 Drink much, but do it very odly.

Next in the List appears a sett
 Of hungry Blades, that love to Whet,
 Altho' their Stomachs are indeed
 So sharp, that they no Whetting need ;
 For if a cold Sirloin of Beef,
 Or Buttock, lies within the Safe,
 The Glafs-Defence that stands before it,
 Will prove no Bulwark to secure it ;
 For threat'ning Weapons soon appear,
 Drawn out from Pocket or the Bar,
 Then begging but a Bit, or so,
 They slice one half before they go,
 Each feasting at the slender Cost
 Of Sixpence for his Wine, at most.

Rare Guests, as ever Fortune sent,
 T'enrich the Taverns they frequent,
 And raise our Vint'ners and their Spouses,
 To Coaches and their Country-Houses.

Another sort of ill-bred Hogs
 There are, that act like Cats and Dogs,
 Who in some Kitchen-Box sit watching,
 To gratify themselves by snatching;
 If a fine Turkey's on the Spit,
 By stealth they seize the choicest Bit,
 Drink to the Cook, and whilst they give her
 A Glass, one sneaks away the Liver;
 The Wench she frets and fumes about it,
 They swear a Spaniel Dog run out w'it:
 The Master storms, the Cook is blam'd,
 The Mistress raves, the Dog is damn'd.
 The Guests resent the great abuse,
 The Drawer forms some good excuse:
 And thus the Mischief circles round,
 Occasion'd by one greedy Hound,

If Sauages or Stakes are frying,
 Or Fowls before the Fire lying,
 A Frigacy of Rabbits dressing,
 Or any Dainty worth their tasting,
 Their Fish-hook Fingers will have share,
 In spite of all the Cookmaid's Care.
 Thus, Lady-like, they love what's nice,
 But steal their Prey like Rats and Mice.

These are succeeded by a Clan,
 Call'd, *Yeomen of the Dripping-Pan*,
 Who beg their Bread, which first they bake,
 Till harder than a Bisket-Cake,
 Then in the Drippings of the Roast
 They mollify the crusty Toast,
 And often Breakfast, may be Dine,
 For only one poor Jill of Wine,
 Of three-pence Price, o'er which they swallow
 At least, a Pound of Bread and Tallow,
 And therefore at one Meal must grow
 More fat, than others do at two,

That, would they gorge a Ball, or piece
 Of Cotten-Wick among their Grease,
 Their stinking Ends, both Night and Morning,
 Would mould ye Candles fit for burning.

Others, who've neither Goods or Wives,
 Prove fatal Foes to Plates and Knives,
 Mercurial Blades, who cannot wait
 One flying Moment for their Meat,
 But some Experiment, tho' rude
 And mischievous, must be renew'd,
 One, Pewter turns on pointed Steel,
 And makes a Horizontal Wheel,
 Till by swift motion, and by weight,
 He bores a Hole quite thro' the Plate.

Another takes a Knife and whittles
 The Table edge as if 'twas Vict'als,
 Else wanting thought of what to do,
 He stabs the Linen thro' and thro',
 And does more Damage in his Ayres,
 Than all he spends at twice, repairs.

*Thus careless Persons may oppress
 Their Neighbours, thro' forgetfulness;
 But when made conscious of the hurt,
 They ought to do 'em justice for't.*

But above all, the narrow Souls,
 That love their Bottles and their Bowls,
 No stingy Knave, no sorry Creature,
 Can fall below the *Drawer-biter*,
 Who likes Collecting, for the sake
 Of keeping his own Reck'ning back :
 Or if there's any small remains
 For *Tom*, or *Fenwick*, in his hands,
 He'll stay the last, designing Man,
 To wrong the Draw'r, if he can,
 Tossing him Six-pence, as a blind,
 And keeps, perhaps, three more behind.
 Thus makes himself more base and little,
 Than a Church-ward'n that robs the Spittle,
 Or a Trustee that does oppress
 The Widow or the Fatherless.

The last are sorry Knaves indeed,
 Who Pocket Spoons with which they feed,
 And often cause unjust Reflexions
 On Persons that abhor such Actions,
 Make Servants liable to Blame,
 Stain guiltless Honesty with Shame,
 And are, in short, worse Rogues than they
 That boldly rob in open Way,
 But these are Miscreants by Nature,
 Unworthy of the lowest Satyr,
 Therefore, as Scoundrels we'll reject 'em,
 And leave the Hangman to correct 'em.

CONCLUSION.

*Since each kind Vint'ner, Mimion-like, must bend
 To teasing Fops and Hum'rists they attend,
 The meanest Wretch with handsome Usage treat,
 Bow low to Upstarts, and to Scrubs submit,
 Let Men of Sense with Jolly Bacchus join,
 T' expel each noisy Wrangler from the Vine,
 And raise the ancient Dignity of Wine.*

*South-Sea BALLAD, or, Merry Remarks
upon Exchange-Alley Bubbles.*

To a New Tune, call'd,

feed, *The Grand Elixir, or, The Philosopher's Stone discover'd*

IN London stands a famous Pile,
And near that Pile an Alley,
Where merry Crowds for Riches toil,
And Wisdom stoops to Folly.
Here Sad and Joyful, High and Low,
Court Fortune for her Graces,
And as she Smiles or Frowns, they show
Their Gestures and Grimaces.

(2.)

Here Stars and Garters do appear,
Among our Lords the Rabble,
To buy and sell, to see and hear
The *Jews* and *Gentiles* squabble.
Here crafty Courtiers are too wise
For those who trust to Fortune,
They see the Cheat with clearer Eyes,
Who peep behind the Curtain.

(3.)

Our greatest Ladies hither come,
And ply in Chariots daily,
Oft pawn their Jewels for a Sum,
To venture't in the Alley.
Young Harlots too, from *Drury-Lane*,
Approach the 'Change in Coaches,
To fool away the Gold they gain
By their obscene Debauches.

(4.)

Long Heads may thrive by sober Rules,
Because they think and drink not,
But Headlongs are our thriving Fools,
Who only drink and think not.
The lucky Rogues, like Spaniel Dogs,
Leap into South-Sea Water,
And there they fish for Golden Frogs,
Not caring what comes a'ter.

(5.)

'Tis said that Alchemists of old
Could turn a Brazen Kettle,
Or Leaden Cistern into Gold,
That noble tempting Mettie,
But if it here may be allow'd
To bring in Great with Small things,
Our cunning *South-Sea*, like a God,
Turns Nothing into All things.

What

(6.)

What need have we of *Indian* Wealth;
Or Commerce with our Neighbours,
Our Constitution is in Health,
And Riches crown our Labours.
Our *South-Sea* Ships have golden Shrouds,
They bring us Wealth, 'tis granted,
But lodge their Treasure in the Clouds,
To hide it till its wanted.

(7.)

O *Britain* blest thy present state,
Thou only happy Nation,
So odly Rich, so madly Great,
Since Bubbles came in fashion.
Successful Rakes exert their Pride,
And count their airy Millions,
Whilst homely Drabs in Coaches ride,
Brought up to Town on Pillions.

(8.)

Few Men, who follow Reason's Rules,
Grow fat with *South-Sea* Diet,
Young Rattles and unthinking Fools
Are those that flourish by it.
Old Musty Jades and pushing Blades,
Who've least Consideration,
Grow Rich apace, whilst wiser Heads
Are struck with Admiration.

(9.)

A Race of Men, who t'other day
Lay crush'd beneath Disasters,
Are now by Stock brought into Play,
And made our Lords and Masters.
But should our *South-Sea* Babel fall,
What Numbers would be Frowning,
The Losers then must ease their Gall
By Hanging or by Drowning.

(10.)

Five hundred Millions, Notes and Bonds;
Our Stocks are worth in Value,
But neither lie in Goods or Lands,
Or Money, let me tell ye.
Yet tho' our Foreign Trade is lost,
Of mighty Wealth we vapour,
When all the Riches that we boast
Consist in scraps of Paper.

F I N I S.

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